

It's Not What It Seems

by The Red Dove

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Summary: A man turned into a dragon. The man's daughter. The witch who helped them escape. All three of them fly away from hatred, trying to find a land where they can live peacefully. A village called Berk is their last hope.

1. Chapter 1

Most stories start with a princess in danger, and a "Once Upon A Time", or something similar.

Mine is exactly that. No, I'm not the princess, mind you. Way too loud to be one.

But my mother was. Until she was banished for falling in love with a servant. She was the princess of a faraway kingdom known as Hextrough, a thriving village with a great economy. Everyone of the people of Hextrough was happy, except those inside the castle walls.

My father was sentenced to death when the affair was heard about, seeing as my mother was to be married to an old childhood friend. Her old best friend, really. He was heartbroken, and swore that he would kill the man who stole his best friend and fiancée. The princess was locked in the tower, watching the execution from her window in tears, when she pulled out a crossbow she had hidden in her closet as a young girl, to ward off the demons her bedtime stories told about.

She shot her fiancée/friend right in the back, him expiring instantly.

As the body landed on my father, he grabbed the dead man's sword and cut through the ropes restraining him, slaughtering those who came in his way. He ran up the stairs, mercilessly killing or injuring anyone who so much as walked in front of him. He broke down the door of the princess's chamber and carried her away, her never even noticing the

bodies all around them. They lived a nomadic life, traveling everywhere, earning money by doing odd jobs here and there, and occasional theft.

One day, my mother got pregnant, with me, of course.

She was so excited. However, she had always wanted her father to know about the child, and giving the child some sort of recognition of his family, not knowing he was killed. She begged and begged my father to let her go back to the kingdom for a day, just so she could tell him. My father, being the one who killed him, didn't want her to go, but he loved her too much to say no.

The day she found out that my father killed him was the worst day of her life. She was eight months along when they finally made it to the kingdom, and when the news came, she went into labor.

She yelled at my father the whole time. She cursed his name, she bit his comforting hand, and screamed her hatred. She said he was more evil than a dragon.

The midwife, hearing this, contacted her sister, an apprentice of a witch in exile, due to her helping dragons, and told her about the former princess's insult. The witch, being fond of dragons, came over immediately with her apprentice.

The witch's identity was not a secret to the princess. She said she would do anything as long as my father would disappear. The witch, wanting to teach her that neither her husband nor a dragon were evil creatures, told her to calm down. The witch, furious with my mother, said that she would teach her a lesson, and turned my father into a dragon.

"Just because he has the appearance of a dragon doesn't make him evil. He's still the man you loved, as dragons are not dangerous unless provoked or controlled. They just look a way that scares people."

This terrified the former princess, and she cursed the witch as well. The princess once again screamed her hatred for my father as well, and to all dragons.

By now, my father was finally mad at her, as was the witch.

"You said you would do anything to have Daniel disappear, my dear?" she questioned.

"Yes, anything, just get this murderer away from me!"

"Very well." the witch replied. "Give me the daughter."

The princess, in her rage, almost threw the baby, me, at the witch, and stuck her finger towards the door, commanding them to leave.

At the witch's house, she spoke to my father in Dragonese. "This child is yours, what do you want to do with it?"

"To protect her forever." was my father's telepathic reply.

The witch smiled, and said that he would remain a dragon to help

protect her, seeing as dragons were the most protective species in the world, though not many knew that.

The witch, with me in her arms, climbed onto my father's back, and flew far away from the kingdom that had both come to hate them, and caused them nothing but grief.

And I grew up with them.

* * *

><p>"Yes!" I yelled as my father spun around in a barrel roll.
"Again!"<p>

The white dragon curled his lips upwards, showing his teeth, and did as I asked.

"Yes! Thanks, Dad!" I patted his head.

He purred and flew downward, towards the hut my and my Aunt Gretchen and my father shared. It was weird to live with a father and a really old woman, who had no relations to me or dad, and they weren't 'together'. But I adapted to it quickly, seeing as they were all I knew.

"Hello, dearie." Aunt Gretchen called to me. "I have some news."

"What is it?" I asked as I slid off Dad's back, rubbing him on the back of his neck.

"It seems as though your mother's troops are coming this way, to fight in the war. But if they see us, dear..."

"Oh." I stepped towards her, Dad right behind me. "We better go then."

She nodded and tossed me a bag. "Everything's ready. Would you like some biscuits?"

"Sure!" I said. She had the grandmother's talent at cooking, just don't tell her I thought of her similar to a grandmother.

She climbed onto my dad's back, with me right behind her, clutching her torso, and we flew off, me almost choking on my biscuit during the ascent.

"Chew, dear."

"On it." I said, chewing with more force than I needed, in a hurry to get it down before I died of choking.

When I swallowed, Gretchen looked behind her and smiled at me. "Chew more slowly next time."

I nodded. "Where are we going next?" I asked.

"I heard that a village called Berk has actually formed an alliance with dragons, some even living in the village with them." she replied.

"What? Are you serious?"

"Do you wanna go there?" she asked as I asked "Can we go there?"

We both smiled, and both said "Yes." at the same time.

My father let out something similar to a laugh, a somewhat rough, empty sound that echoed through the atmosphere.

I smiled and pet his side as he changed directions, heading to where Gretchen was telling him to turn.

2. Chapter 2

"All right, Toothless. I'm coming!" Hiccup mumbled to the ceiling.

He yawned and stretched as he got out of bed, catching his fall as his prosthetic wobbled. He was woken up even earlier than usual. What was up with his dragon.

"Son!" Stoick called. "What's your dragon up to, lad? He normally does this 'n about two hours from now!"

"I don't know, Dad, I'm going to go find out, if you'll let me."

Stoick stepped out of the doorway, letting his son pass through to see his dragon.

"Hey, Toothless. What's up?" Hiccup looked at the roof, where Toothless was. Toothless jumped down and jumped around Hiccup, then lowered himself to let Hiccup on.

"All right, buddy. Where are we going~"

As soon as Hiccup had placed his leg, Toothless had launched himself in the air, and Hiccup had to quickly move to a position to keep them up.

* * *

><p>"Okay...? But why can't we tell anyone he's my Dad?" I asked Gretchen.<p>

"All though everyone here loves dragons, Hannah, they'll still think that this will be a devil's work."

"Then turn him back into a human!" I pleaded.

"I lost my powers about 15 years ago, when..."

"When you finally learned to love someone again. Me." I hugged her tightly. "So were you in league with the devil?"

"Once upon a time, yes. I promised never to love anyone, and he granted me with powers."

"What if the devil's a woman?" I asked.

"I don't know that, my dear. It might be."

Dad nudged my side and looked at me with comforting eyes, and gave a low purr.

"Love you too, Dad. What should I name you, because I don't think 'Daniel' is a good dragon name, and it would be weird calling you that."

He looked towards Gretchen, who nodded.

"You're a rare dragon known as the White Light." she made up. "We named you...Hippo?"

Me and Dad laughed. "I'll agree to it because it's funny." I said.

Dad nudged me and glared at me.

"You can't ground me for this, Dad."

"Actually, he said something more along the lines of, 'Then your name is Elephant.'"

"No, I'm Hannah." I argued back. He shrugged a 'whatever' and started to drift off, his long tail curling around his long neck to keep it warm.

"Yeah, why does it have to be so damn cold here?" I asked.

"Hannah..."

"Whoops. Well?"

"We're pretty far up North. Now that I think about it, we may be in Viking territory. I've taught you Norse, right, dear?"

"Yeah, I can do Norse."

"Then from now on, let's only speak Norse." she said in Norse.

"Agreed." I replied in same language.

"WHOA!" I heard someone yell. "Toothless! Calm!"

I watched as a black dragon carrying a young boy with a fake leg landed roughly in front of the cave entrance. The boy jumped off the dragon's back, just as the dragon charged at my father and growled angrily. My father growled back, with maybe even more ferocity, but I might just be bias.

"Toothless!" the man yelled. "Knock it off!"

"Yeah, Toothless!" I yelled, with emphasis on 'Toothless'. "That's my D~dragon!"

Gretchen placed a hand on each of the dragon's noses and seemed to be holding another Dragonese conversation. I can't do Dragonese, you need your mind or something to do it, it's too hard for me.

Eventually, Toothless backed away slowly, whimpering softly. My dad growled at him again, for good measure. Toothless then looked at me, and softly crooned, before nudging my side in what seemed like an apology.

"Yeah, okay, I forgive you, you big teddy bear." I said, giving him a little pat on the head.

"Uh, you're not from around here." The boy told us accusingly.

"No. But we speak Norse. Can't we stay here in this cave?" I asked.

He looked from me to Gretchen, then back again. "Then why do you guys have a dragon?"

"Because we love him." I said. "We came here so that people won't shoot us on sight."

Hiccup slowly nodded. "Uh-huh." he said just as slowly. "And this is..." he gestured to Gretchen, who had somehow gotten behind me.

"I'm her grandmother."

I tried my hardest not to have my eyes bulge out of my head. There's no WAY she could admit to being old enough to be one. She must really want to protect me or something.

"Okay, yeah, I can see the resemblance..." he said squinting, and I could tell he was lying. "Well, it's cold out here today, how about I take you to the village?"

Me and 'Grandma' nodded, and hopped on 'Hippo's' back, as the boy did to Toothless, except he slid his prosthetic into some sort of weird device. Only then did I notice that Toothless also had somewhat of a prosthetic on his tailfin. So they both worked together to help the other's handicap? I think the boy just earned some of my respect.

"My name's Hiccup." He said. "What's yours?"

"My name is Hannah." I said in Norse with more confidence than I normally would. "And this is my _grandmother_, Gretchen."

He nodded and took off, us following him towards civilization. Gretchen lowered herself to my ear.

"Don't push the whole grandmother thing, _granddaughter._" she whispered.

"Why would I do that, _Grandma_?" I smirked. I then received a short smack on the head, and my father smacked her with his tail when I said "Ow!"

Grandma shoved his tail back down, just as we started to fall a bit, and continued on what I think was called Berk.

* * *

><p>Review please! That would be the greatest Snoggletog gift I'll get this year if you do!

And thanks, Shadowlite101, you just became the first member of the Awesome club. This chapter I now dedicate to you. Happy Snoggletog!

3. Chapter 3

Hiccup had lead the newcomers to his father, and while they were talking in the Meade Hall, Hiccup walked towards his home, Toothless following loyally behind.

"Hiccup!" Astrid shouted and caught up to him. "Who's your dad talking to in there?"

"Some people I found near Raven's Point. I'm not sure I entirely trust them, though."

"Why not?" Astrid stopped walking and stood in front of him. "Tell me."

"Toothless was freaking out ever since they landed. He woke me up early to go over to them, and he started growling at them." he replied.

"Oh, that's not good."

"Yeah, and then the old lady put her hand on his nose and glared at him, and Toothless...well, I think she might have scared him. He then walked over to the girl and I think he tried to apologize."

"Yeah, that is strange. Hey! Maybe she speaks the dragon language! What was it called again?" Astrid asked.

"Dragonese!" Fishlegs responded from behind them, causing them to jump in surprise.

"Fishlegs! You almost gave me an Astrid a heart attack!" Hiccup complained.

"Don't be a baby." Tuffnut said rudely. "I wouldn't have been scared!"

"Ha! Yes you would've!" Ruffnut shot back. "You freaked out when you woke up and didn't see me in my bed!"

"No I didn't! I just thought that your half of our dragon finally ate you or something. Just calling to see if I was right. I wasn't, for once." he replied in a huff.

"Since when are you ever right?" Ruffnut challenged.

"Guys, guys, would you calm down, it's still pretty early." Snotlout

yawned as he slowly made his way towards the group.

"Aw, did we wake you up, Sleeping Beauty?" Ruffnut teased.

"No! It's just a little cold out, and I'm still getting used to it."

"Can't handle a little cold, can ya?" Tuffnut joined in.

"Yes I can! It just takes a while!" Snotlout defended.

"_I_ would have gotten used to it right away!" the twins said at the same time, causing them to shove each other in annoyance.

"Actually, I don't think that's possible." Fishlegs pondered. "It takes everyone at least a little bit to get used to the temperature difference from inside to outside weather. Even Meatlug took a while to adjust this morning..."

Hiccup and Astrid walked away from the bickering group, wanting to get some quiet time together.

"So, what's with the dragon?" Astrid started a new conversation.

"It belongs to the people who are talking with my dad right now. I've never seen anything like it."

"Yeah, it does look strange. A pure white dragon with black spikes? It was even more white than the boneknappers!"

"And it's eyes! They weren't like the cat-like eyes our dragons have." Hiccup mused. "They were completely round, blinked from side to side, and no pupil, just a big red iris." He got out his sketchbook and started to sketch. "Maybe that's why Toothless was freaking out."

"Ha! Thought you could get rid of us, did you?" Tuffnut mocked, catching up to the two. "Whatcha talkin' about, anyway?"

"Leave them alone, Tuff." Ruffnut said. "For all you know they're talking about marriage."

"We're just talking about the strange visitors Hiccup found this morning."

"Well, it is pretty weird." Snotlout nodded. "Who would take a vacation here?"

"And who would stay once they saw our dragons?" Fishlegs asked. "People have called it unholy and attacked us approximately three times now because of it!"

"They had a dragon, smart one." Ruffnut said.

"Yeah, a weird dragon." Tuffnut agreed.

Hiccup sighed, and let them in on his and Astrid's conversation, neither person helping him figure out what that white dragon was. Not even Fishlegs knew.

* * *

><p>"Okay." I said to the Chief, Stoick the Vast. "So..."<p>

"If you can build your own house, you can stay." Stoick's friend, Gobber, replied, swinging an axe that was attached to his wrist in the air.

"Thank you, for clearing the air." I stated.

"Hannah, be nice to these kind people who let us stay here." Gretchen scolded me, somehow remembering to keep speaking in Norse.

"Yes, _Grandma_." Gretchen glared at me.

We both stated our thanks before leaving the Meade Hall, both me and Gretchen catching Stoick mention to Gobber, "I don't know if I entirely trust them. That dragon is...different."

"Oh, give 'em a chance." Gobber replied. "For all ye know..."

The door had finally closed behind us, and we walked up the hill towards the empty lot Stoick had granted us.

Dad walked slowly behind us, several children running away from him, tugging their dragons with them.

"You're not weird, Da~Hippo." I said. "I still love you."

He crooned and nudged the back of my head in a loving gesture, causing me to laugh, and Gretchen to scold me for being so loud.

As we walked, we saw the Hiccup guy with a whole group of his buddies following him, mostly arguing.

"Hey." I said.

Hiccup and his posse turned around. "Hey, Hannah was it?" Hiccup asked.

"Yep." I bowed.

I heard some snickering going on, and I quickly jerked back up. "And these lovely people are...?"

"Astrid, Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Snotlout, and Fishlegs." he gestured to his friends, who nodded as their names were called off.

"Nice to meet you." I said. "Your dad said we can stay here." I nodded towards the empty lot. "We got to build our house."

"That was nice of him." Hiccup said slowly.

I knew it was. I'm pretty sure my dad intimidated him to say what we wanted him to say. Loved by fear...

"It sure was." I nodded. "This is _Grandma_ Gretchen, and my _dragon,_ Hippo."

"Why'd you name him Hippo?" Fishlegs asked cautiously.

"Because he's like an overprotective Hippo mother, and will squash anyone who tries to get to me." I made up.

I watched as they slightly flinched away from me and Dad, and I had to try my hardest not to smile.

"Where's your dragon, Toothless?" I asked Hiccup.

"He's right..." he looked all around him. "Uh, where is Toothless?" he asked himself.

"We saw him walking ahead of you. I think Hippo scared him." Ruffnut said.

"What?" Hiccup glanced at me, Gretchen, and Dad, and squinted at me questioningly.

"White Light." I said, hoping I got what Gretchen made up right. "Rare dragon. Where do your dragons go when they're not with you?" I nodded towards his friends, and their empty sides where I noticed most dragons tended to stay around here.

"Oh, they went to the Ring to get some breakfast. Speaking of which, I don't think Toothless had any yet. I better go get him." Hiccup said and ran towards his house, faster than I thought possible with his fake limb of his.

The others nodded at me, and said that they'd go get their dragons from the Ring to go flying, and that I was free to join them, even though I knew they didn't want me to.

I watched them leave. I couldn't blame them. After all, Gretchen had 'created' Dad's form when she was in league with the devil, whatever he's called here. So technically...

...Dad was a Demon Dragon.

I knew this. I always did, and it didn't bother me. I even made a joke saying that this made me a 'Demon Daughter,' and it lost its humor when Dad and Gretchen nodded in agreement. I wasn't that bad, I just made a few stupid mistakes here and there. I'm still technically just a kid.

If this is how a few other kids and dragons responded to my father, I couldn't wait to see how other would. This was promising to get very interesting, very soon.

* * *

><p>Tell me if you love it. Tell me if you hate it. Tell me what to work on. Please, I want to know how I'm doing.

REVIEW!

4. Chapter 4

I was carrying the wood Gretchen had chopped down, and used a saw the

village had provided for us to cut them into straight boards. I then sanded them down and attached them to the frame we had already set up. Everyone seemed amazed at how fast we had come this far, seeing as we had just arrived earlier that day. I thought we were moving kinda slow though. It was almost nightfall, and we only had the skeleton of our house up, and only one side completed. But, if they say we move fast, then we move fast. They're in charge here.

I finished up hammering up the boards I had just cut, when Hiccup and Toothless walked by. Hiccup slowed down to stare at my house-to-be, and soon stopped to walk over to me.

"Enjoying my handiwork?" I said, thanking whoever that I remembered to speak in Norse, after speaking English with Gretchen all day.

"Yeah, have you even taken a break at all today?" he asked.

"Not really..." I said, slowly glancing back to my house. My dad was off getting some dinner for himself, seeing as he couldn't really do anything to help us, other than help haul the wood to us. But we already had enough, plus extra for firewood. He really overdid himself.

"You should come with us to dinner." He replied, gesturing to Toothless. "You could even sit with me and my friends if you like." he said.

I gaped at him. I could see the fear in his eyes, yet he was willing to ignore that, just to help me feel comfortable? In all my fifteen years, when people see me, they go ahead and let us live where we want, then leave us alone, and hope they never see us again.

It was the Curse of the Devil. My father had an aura around him, and in spread to me and Gretchen after a while, making us all Outcasts. But we didn't mind.

"Sure?" I responded.

"You don't sound to excited about it..." Hiccup joked.

"I am. I'm just shocked. I know you're scared of me. Everyone is." I answered.

He looked at me, with the fear as well as a question in his eyes now. He held out his hand to me. "Well...are you coming?"

Hiccup trusted me too? Well, trying to, anyway, but still. This guy was amazing.

"Of course." I said, ignoring his hand, and I set down my tools, and he led to me to the Meade Hall, even though I already knew where it was, and even gave me a little tour of the town as we went.

This was getting awkward for me. I'm not used to people other than Gretchen.

When we finally entered the Meade Hall, I sat down at an empty table, to make things easier for both Hiccup and me. Gretchen walked in after a while and sat next to me, snitching some meat from my tray as

she sat.

"It's a little rough." she stated in English, chewing vigorously. "But what can you do?" she asked. "If only I had a little bit of power left in me..."

"I wonder what that would have been like." I pondered, also in English, thankful for being able to speak in my native tongue once again.

"Well, you know, dear, it wasn't too good. No one ever wanted to go near me, except my old apprentice. She didn't like me too much, though. She ran off with her sister when I turned...I better not say that here."

"Please, we're crazy Englishmen, who could understand us?"

We looked around, and sure enough, people were staring at us in confusion, wondering what we were talking about.

"Plus, no one wants to be near us anyway." I said. "Not too different~"

"Hey." Ruffnut said as she slid into place right next to me. "How are you doing?" she asked while biting into her meat.

"Uh...good? How about you?" I said, switching back to Norse.

"My brother's being an idiot, as always." she stated, gesturing towards the table she was previously at. I looked in that direction as well, and I had to agree.

Him and Snotlout were placing bits of everything into their drinks, then snorting it up their noses.

"Gross." I said.

"Agreed." Ruffnut said.

"Why are they..."

"Cause they're idiots." Ruffnut answered.

"Hey guys." Hiccup said, sitting across from me, Astrid right beside him.

"Come to join the party?" I asked.

"Yeah. Way more fun than over there." Astrid gestured over to the same table. Fishlegs was actually staying there, counting the seconds each of the boys could hold whatever in their nose before it fell out into the cup again.

We all flinched and turned back to our table, thoroughly disgusted. Even Gretchen.

"Disgusting little vermin-worms..." she muttered in English.

"What?" Ruffnut asked.

"She called them gross." I supplied.

Everyone nodded in agreement, as everyone heard the sound of someone choking. We all turned around and saw that Stoick had finally tried putting a stop to their stupid behavior~

...By slapping Tuffnut at the back of his head.

Said twin was coughing on whatever fell from his nose to his throat, as Fishlegs jumped up and started thumping powerfully on the back, as Snotlout just laughed at the two. Stoick just shook his head and started to walk away slowly.

"Idiot." Ruffnut muttered and got up. "I better go." she said.

We all nodded as she left, and I poked around my plate.

"Anyone want this?" I asked.

"Not really..." Hiccup replied as Astrid shook her head, and Gretchen went up to throw her uneaten food away. Hiccup then stared at her in shock, but got over it and decided to throw his food away too.

Me and Astrid followed suit, and we all sat back down at the table, awkwardly trying to converse with each other. Gretchen left at some point to go to bed, but I decided to stay in the warm hall. It was way too cold out there for my comfort. It's a good thing me and Gretchen had a lot of blankets.

I then noticed that Hiccup and Astrid were silent, apparently waiting for me to respond.

"Damn." I muttered in English, thankful that Gretchen wasn't here.

"What?"

"I just used my profane vocabulary." I replied in Norse. "I just zoned out, I have no idea what you guys just asked me or whatever.

"Oh, we asked you where you found 'Hippo'."

"Uh...in a cave. Near water...and me and Gretchen were swimming, we found him...uh..." I stumbled in my head to come up with something plausible. "I almost drowned, and so did Gretchen when she tried to save me." I tried. "He saved us. Like an overprotective Hippo mother." I finished. "I'm going to bed." I said and quickly left, only realizing when I got home that leaving like that was suspicious.

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Astrid stared at the door as it closed. Hiccup closed his eyes in thought.<p>

"Why did she leave like that?" Astrid said. "What's up with her?"

"And why did she call Gretchen Gretchen?" Hiccup asked. "She always

called her 'Grandma' before."

"Oh wait." Astrid said. "That's not all. I asked Gretchen the same question a while ago, about where they found Hippo. She said that they found him while hunting, and he was injured, and Hannah, being a little girl who tagged along, insisted on helping him, and nursed him back to health."

"Huh." Hiccup thought. "Well, she was a little girl, so she could have...no, that can't be right. Who are they?" he asked himself.

"The real question is 'what are they hiding and why?'" Astrid told him.

"Oi!" Stoick and Gobber bounded up to the two teens. "Where'dya little friend go?"

"Dad, I don't know if I'd consider her my friend..." Hiccup then started to tell of the strange things he had discovered about Hannah and her dragon, and how he knew they were hiding something from them.

"Aye, that'll raise ya some suspicion." Gobber agreed. "Well, we were coming over to discuss that dragon of hers. It's...different, it is."

"They called it a 'White Light', and both of the girls said that, so that must be true..." Astrid pondered.

"Unless they thought that up together." Gobber supplied.

"Well, son. I'll keep my eye on those two for ya. You both head to your beds, now. It's getting kinda late." He thumped Hiccup on the back, and Astrid caught him as he stumbled, and they both headed to their homes after sharing a brief kiss. Both in their separate homes, however, they both thought the same thing.

What had they gotten themselves into?

* * *

><p>"Stupid, stupid stupid!" I shouted in English as I walked up the hill. I grabbed my blankets from our supply crate, and walked right to my father, who was warming Gretchen, and started a fire to keep us warm through the night.<p>

"Dad, I'm stupid." I stated, again in English. Dad then huffed at me and shook his head.

"Darling, you're not stupid." Gretchen assured. I was glad we could speak in English for this conversation, Norse kinda hurt my face.

"I stuttered when they asked me where we found 'Hippo'."

"They asked you that too?" Gretchen shot straight up, her gray curls covering her face. "This could be trouble."

"What?" I asked, my face immediately mirroring Gretchen's worried one.

"I said we went hunting, and you found him and nursed him back to health!" Gretchen whispered.

"Damâ€dang...I said we went swimming and I almost drowned and he rescued me."

"Oh, dear..." Gretchen rubbed her temples.

"I know! We nursed him back to health in the forest, and he flew off, and when we went swimming, he saved us, and then we had a mutual trust for each other!"

Gretchen paused in thought. "Yes, that's a good one. Because I did say you were little when we nursed 'Hippo.' And you _did _learn how to swim when you were about eight, you stubborn child. So...you didn't entirely remember the hunting incident, but you remember the cave incident!" Gretchen smiled. "This could still work!"

I smiled too. "I better be more careful though. That was pretty stupid of me."

I frowned as Gretchen slowly nodded her agreement. "Well, it seems as though your father has fallen asleep. We would be smart to follow his example."

I yawned as I nodded, and lay next to Gretchen against my father's warm side, the fire he created as well as our blankets protecting us from the extreme cold of night.

However, I couldn't fall asleep. Something was eating away inside of me. I could tell it wasn't because of my mistake, we could always just fly away if it didn't work out. This wasn't the last place on earth, it was just the last one we hoped would work.

This feeling, it was evil. It rubbed at my insides, as if softly trying to assure me that I would not be all right.

Yeah, I would like some reviews, please. So, be a dear and review! Tell me what to work on, please. There's no such thing as being too criticizing. I know I'm messing stuff up, just tell me what to fix and I'll work on it.

5. Chapter 5

I watched as the sun rose up in the northern sky, the stars fading into the blue sky, invisible to human eyes, the sliver of a moon still slightly visible in the west. I always loved this time of day, watching the colors of dawn spreading across the sky, colors so vivid and beautiful that there was no way man could ever perfectly replicate.

I wondered if my dad saw in black and white, or in color.

Slowly, I stood up, my blankets falling around me, and I walked over to our unfinished house. If we end up leaving shortly because of my mistake right after finishing this house, I'm going to cry. Houses took a lot of work and time out of you.

"Up so early?" Gretchen asked from the other side of the skeleton-house.

"What the~you were just over there!" I asked, wondering how she always managed to do this.

"I saw an opportunity, and took it." she winked at me.

"But..." I started, before smarting up and deciding that this would be stupid.

"But what? I'm old?" she smiled. "Old, yes, but I get around."

Something was wrong with Gretchen. She told people she was my grandma, and then she called herself old?

"Go get some breakfast, dear." Gretchen suggested. "I'll work today, you go try to make some friends."

Make _friends_? She never said that before. I never needed to, I had her and dad.

"Okay..." I said and started to walk away, before turning back. "Are you sure you'll be okay?"

"I'm fine, darling, go on." she reassured me.

I turned around, only to come face to face with my dad.

"Geez!" I jumped backwards. "Would you guys quit doing that?"

My dad gave one of those dragon chuckles, and started walking to the village with me. I decided to follow my dad to 'The Ring' to see exactly what it was. It looked kind of like an arena where you would train to fight rather than house dragons, but Vikings did have a way of surprising people. Like their names.

There were dragons everywhere, though. Eating from a giant trough in the middle of the ring, and several dragons who were just waking up walked out of some of the rooms that were built in this 'Ring'.

Dad walked over to the trough and grabbed a fish, and set it down in front of my feet.

"Gross, Dad!" I said in English, thankfully, so that no one could catch my slip-up. "You know I don't eat raw fish!"

My father chuckled again and pushed it towards me some more.

"Ew! It's looking at me!" I tried, and started backing away.

Dad shrugged and poked the fish's eyes out.

"Gross!" I shrieked. "I'm going to have nightmares forever, thanks to you!"

Dad simply pushed the fish towards me once again, and I backed farther away, only to bump into another dragon.

"Whoops. Sorry." I said, petting the dragon here known as a 'Gronckle'.

The Gronckle closed his eyes in pleasure, and then soon smelled the fish that had now been shoved right at my feet.

The Gronckle, thankfully, ate it, causing my dad to roll his eyes in defeat, and continued to eat for himself.

"Thanks, man." I said, rubbing his nose. "You understand English?"

The Gronckle gave a nod, and I smiled.

"Did you hear about...my dad?" I asked.

He nodded again.

"Does your rider understand English?"

Negative response from dragon.

"Good, don't tell him now." I warned. "Or I'll get my dad to eat you."

The Gronckle imitated a smile and walked over to his rider...Fishlegs.

"Fishlegs! Geez, are you all going to sneak up on my today!" I yelled.

"What? You're not speaking Norse!" he stated to me. "All I understood was my name."

"You just scared me, that's all," I said, switching back to Norse.

"So what did you and Meatlug talk about?" Fishlegs asked, and I noticed he was fiddling with his fingers nervously.

Stupid Curse.

"Nothing much. The weather, gossip, the normal stuff." I replied.

"I see." he said. "I'm going to get breakfast." he said and bolted for the door.

I shook my head. "Hey Dad!" I said again in English. "I'm gonna walk around the woods."

Dad shrugged as I took off towards the door, and headed to my destination. I found some Aphelions growing in a bush some ways in, and reached down to pick one.

It shriveled up in my hand. I sighed and placed it down.

Small animals and plants weren't evolved enough to repel the Devil's Curse. They always died when I touched them. It's a good thing Dragons and Humans were, or else I wouldn't be able to live with myself. I remember the day I found out, I found an injured squirrel.

I freed it from its trap, and it started running away from me in fright. It fell down, and I tried to help it stand again, but it simply dropped back down, dead.

That was the worst day of my life.

I decided that I was done in the forest for today, and headed to get some breakfast.

I opened the doors to the Meade Hall, and Hiccup and Astrid, sitting together as always, jerked their heads up as I walked in.

I smiled at them and was about to sit by myself, when I remembered Gretchen's words about finding friends, and sat down at their table across from them instead.

"Hey." Astrid said, staring at her cup. Hiccup nodded at me.

"Hi." I said.

"So..." Hiccup started. "How many languages do you speak?"

"Uh, my native language is English, obviously I know Norse, I've been taught Latin, Greek, and Italian, and Grandma is currently teaching me French.

"That's cool." Astrid responded, not looking up from her cup.

I sighed. "I can sit somewhere else if you want."

"Nah, it's cool." Astrid said, looking up for a second. "We're just...still getting used to you, is all."

"Yeah." Hiccup said. "We'd like to get to know you better."

"What's there to know?" I shrugged, picking at the tough mutton I had been served.

"Where are your parents?" Hiccup asked.

In my shock, I pierced the meat right through to the tray, which I didn't even think was possible.

"Uh...my dad...well, Mom was...uh, they died?" I tried.

They nodded, and I could tell they didn't really believe me.

Time for Story Time.

"My mom and dad lived in London." I started. "We lived with my Grandma, whom you have met, since Mom and Dad weren't doing so well money wise. My mom made clothes, and my dad was a shoemaker's apprentice." I lied, with surprising confidence.

"Dad brought got fired from his job one day, and he joined a blacksmith's. He brought work home every day. One day, something went wrong as he worked from our home. It burned up.

"My mom and I were sleeping, and Dad was trying to put out the flames, as Grandma went to wake us up. She grabbed me first, and by

the time she got to my parents room, a beam had fallen on their bed, trapping Mom. Dad heard the crash and ran up, telling Grandma to take me to safety. We got out, but they never did." I made up, trying to fake a tear, and tried not to smile when one finally fell down.

"We met Hippo a few years later." I finished. "And have been running from dragon haters ever since."

Hiccup and Astrid both stared at me wide-eyed, either feeling sorry for me or surprised that I would tell them something.

If only they knew I had just made it up. Astrid reached her hand for mine in a comforting manner, but I pulled back, still a little wary about the flower incident, even though I knew it wouldn't kill humans.

"I should go help Grandma." I said, and walked out of the Hall.

* * *

><p>Hiccup stared at the tray Hannah had left behind. "What was that?"<p>

Astrid shook her head. "Now I just feel terrible, thinking bad things about her."

"Hey guys." Fishlegs sat down next to where Hannah had just left. "Whose is that?" he asked pointing to Hannah's breakfast.

"You can have it." Astrid said.

"I...don't really want it..." Fishlegs muttered. "It feels...wrong."

Hiccup and Astrid struggled not to choke on their meal. "_You _don't want to eat _that_" Astrid nearly yelled in shock.

Fishlegs stiffly shook his head.

"Well that's new." Ruffnut said from right behind Fishlegs.

"Dieting now, are you?" Tuffnut asked.

"He wouldn't last a week." Ruffnut responded to Tuffnut.

"More for me." Snotlout stated, picking up the uneaten mutton. He bit into it, and stopped chewing after a while. "I don't think I should eat this, actually. I think it's gone bad."

"Then I'll just have to eat it, then!" Tuffnut challenged, grabbing for the meat in his friend's hand.

"No way, it's mine! You have your own!" Snotlout jerked the mutton back.

"So do you, genius." Ruffnut retorted.

"Now I have two!" Snotlout defended.

Astrid and Hiccup sighed and continued to eat, smiling at the

nostalgia of their friends' bickering.

"Your bigger than my brother, Snot. He needs to fatten up too."

"Yeah!" Tuffnut agreed. "Wait, what?"

"Aw, you can't even tell when your sister insults you anymore? That's just sad."

"No, I think she was insulting you, Snotlout." Fishlegs said.

"What?" Snotlout paused to think, when the mutton was yanked out of his hand by Ruffnut, who had already finished her original.

"Thanks, Ruff." Tuffnut said. "But you didn't have to. Give it."

"Finder's Keepers." Ruffnut mocked as she bit into the tough meat.

Astrid and Hiccup smiled at their friends.

"Better luck next time, Tuff." Astrid consoled.

"You can have mine." Hiccup offered, pushing his barely touched mutton over to his friend.

Tuffnut nodded his thanks and started eating both his meats at once.

"I'm gonna go check on Toothless. He hasn't been himself lately." Hiccup stood up and started to walk away.

Astrid pushed her meat to Snotlout, and followed Hiccup. "I'll come with you."

The couple walked away from their friends, who were still arguing over their meat, even though now they each had two. It made no sense, really.

"So, what's wrong with Toothless?" Astrid questioned, trying to break the silence.

"I don't know. He's always looking at Hannah's dragon with a way I can't describe, though." Hiccup sighed. "What is with that dragon?"

"I don't know, but I'd like to find out." Astrid took off running towards Hannah and Gretchen's soon-to-be house.

"Astrid!" Hiccup yelled and limped after her.

They reached their destination, and Astrid hid down beside some trees, pulling Hiccup down with her when he came by.

"Shh!" Astrid placed a hand over his mouth.

"But what about Toothless?" Hiccup asked as soon as she let him

go.

"This will help him, I'm sure." Astrid assured, peering around the corner, to see the two women talking in that strange language of theirs. Hippo was helping Gretchen haul some wood over to the skeleton, and Hannah would pick a board up, say something to Gretchen, causing the grandma to laugh and the dragon to imitate a laugh, and Hannah then nailed the board in its place. She had left a small gap, and as Hannah yelled in frustration, she nearly fell off of the ladder she was currently on, and her dragon quickly steadied it, ready to catch Hannah if she fell. She smiled, said something else, and kissed the dragon's nose.

"They seem all right." Hiccup said.

A rabbit then ran by, and Hannah clung to the ladder, trying to get away from it. The rabbit seemed to stare in confusion at Hannah, hopping a little closer and sniffing the air, then ran away from her at a speed which surprised Hiccup and Astrid.

"She can befriend an 'unholy dragon', but she's terrified...of bunnies?" Astrid asked herself. "How does that work?"

Hippo then turned around, facing the spying couple. Hiccup gasped, but Astrid ducked down, and pulled Hiccup down with her, covering his mouth.

"Heil!" a young accented voice greeted.

"Uh, hi!" Hiccup tried. "How are you doing?"

"Good. How 'bout you?" Hannah asked.

"We're okay." Astrid played along.

"So...what'cha doin'?" Hannah asked, her face dropping a bit.

"We...came to help." Hiccup tried.

Hannah smiled. "Great! Although, the bushes don't have strong enough twigs to use as wood." she dropped her smile. "I guess it's the thought that counts, though." she said, almost threateningly. She handed Hiccup a hammer, and a saw to Astrid. "_Grandma_ needs our help." she then led the two over to her soon-to-be house, and whispered something in her language to her grandmother, who slowly nodded and glanced at the two, no emotion showing on her old face.

"Well, let's get to work!" Hannah exclaimed, her dragon also now staring at the two of them. "Don't let Hippo get to you. He's just overprotective, remember."

Hiccup and Astrid nodded, and started to get to work, their embarrassment eating away at their insides at getting caught.

****Sniff, reviews would make my day. So, please review.****

End
file.